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IN MEMORY OF YEHOSHUA KANONITZ (1923-1945)

Written by his nephew Yehoshua Kanonitz

Son of Zippora, of blessed memory, and David Kanonitz

Bet Yannai, Israel, 2001

A proud Jewish young man, a brave partisan, always ready to help the many others in times of adverse circumstances while endangering his own life, resourceful, with golden hands. This is how I will always visualize the figure of my uncle, my father's brother, Yehoshua Kanonitz, of blessed memory, as related to me by my family and friends.

Yehoshua was born to Batya and Moshe Kanonitz in 1923 in the town Manyevitz in the Ukraine.

While still a schoolboy, tall and handsome, he courageously instilled dread in the heart of the Polish and the Ukrainian youngsters who taunted and bullied the Jews. They were wary of his revenging arm and preferred to keep their distance from him.

After the war broke out and his father had been murdered by the Germans, Yehoshua took upon himself the support of his family. Somewhat later he organized an underground of young men in Manyevitz who joined the partisans in the forest. He was determined to fight the Nazis to the last drop of his blood.

With his golden hands he reconstructed a useless pistol to serve as his firearm, an essential item to be accepted into the partisans. He was skilled at dismantling old, ^{undetected} unexploded bombs and preparing the explosive powder for bombing German troops and ammunition trains bound for the Russian front.

Yehoshua's compassion and willing heart helped the families that joined the partisans or lived under their protection in the nearby family camps, earning him his reputation as benefactor and protector. Riding as a knight on a horse, he extended his hand whenever needed. One of the young girls in the group, Shoshana Dannenberg, told in later years that the statue of the legendary watchman, Alexander Zeid riding on his horse, located at Sheikh

Avrech, reminded her of Yehoshua: a steadfast guard and savior, bringing confidence and hope to the people in the forest of the Ukraine.

"He had a heart of gold filled with infinite goodness." So related Blumka, a girl who was suffering greatly from the bitter cold of the harsh winter. Yehoshua did not hesitate for a moment, took off his coat and wrapped it around her.

At the end of the war, Yehoshua was hospitalized in Lublin because of a festering wound. There he was identified as a Jew and was murdered in his bed by ^Ypoles in the A.K.A. (Armia Kroyova), rabid anti-Semites.

For his respected, honored and blessed memory, may he rest in peace.

